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ever permitted to be exhibited a second season. Were the display even less imposing than it is, the severity of criticism should be disarmed by a recollection of the untoward circumstances with which the academy has still to contend; but we trust, ere long, to claim for it the attention of the connoisseur, on other and higher grounds than those of kindness and forbearance.

MUSIC.

On Wednesday evening the Phil-harmonic Society had a delightful meeting; the last, we believe, for this season. Lutzov's *Wild Chase*, the overture to *William Tell*, and very many other beautiful pieces, were brilliantly performed: some of them were, we believe, considered as a sort of rehearsal for Barton's approaching concert, which promises a rich treat indeed to all who delight in 'the concord of sweet sounds.' By the bye, the lovers of "sweet song," are anticipating a glorious feast, in the concert which has been announced by the Misses Ashe for the 7th: the reputation of these celebrated vocalists is so well established, and they are such great and deserved favourites with the public, that we can do no more than add our tribute of applause to the general voice. The Misses Ashe have ensured the co-operation of all the principal musical talent now in town, and the attendance will, we know, be crowded and fashionable.— Considerable interest is excited by the expected débüt of another member of this gifted family; we have heard that Miss Cecilia Ashe is a very accomplished musician, possessing a voice of great sweetness and power, and we are told that her personal attractions are equal to her musical talents. We have had a peep behind the curtain, and find that Miss Ashe is to favor us with 'a noveltie,' which few of our musical friends have yet heard.— We delight in her simple ballads: the grace and sweetness with which she invests the most apparently insignificant compositions, are quite peculiar to herself; and much as we admire her in her more scientific recitatives and cavaatinas, we must confess that the bewitching pathos and expression with which she gives us the sweet "plaintive ditties" of our own tongue, touches 'in the right place,' and goes *droit au cœur*. We beg our friend Spurzheim's pardon, we should have said *droit à la cervelle*. We bow to the excellent Doctor's system, and warmly recommend all who would have 'their marrow tingle with delight,' to repair to the Rotunda next Friday.

THE DRAMA.

We are gravelled for lack of matter in dramatic intelligence this week; our occupation as critics, though not absolutely gone like Othello's, being temporarily suspended according to the usage in such matters, so long as the performances at our theatre are appropriated for the benefit of members of the company. This has been the case during the past week, and we are sorry to say, the word *Benefit* has proved a solecism to many of the persons concerned. On Saturday evening, the comedy of *Paul Pry*, with the musical farce of *Brother and Sister*, were performed by command.

Mr. Yates and the Siamese elephant are expected to appear in Dublin on the 10th inst., and Miss Fanny Kemble immediately follows. This lady played Isabella, for her father's benefit on Wednesday last, at Covent-Garden theatre.

JOHN ROLLESTON, ESQ. K. C.

The death of this respected individual, on circuit, and while engaged in the discharge of his professional duties, was as sudden as it was universally lamented. We do not mean to write a funeral panegyric, nor would we wish to flatter even the dead; yet still are we desirous to record the name and talents of a distinguished countryman. Mr. Rolleston, although one of the oldest members of the bar, never acquired the highest practice: this resulted not from any deficiency in ability or information, but rather from an easiness of disposition, which induced him to rest satisfied with what he had without exerting himself to procure more—his relish for the enjoyments of life was, perhaps, too keen for the dull study of the law, which requires unrelaxed attention and unceasing mental labour. Lord Eldon's was, probably, the best reason—he did not come to the bar *without a shilling*. Nevertheless he has left a blank in his profession which we fear will not be readily filled up; he had the happiest turn for harmless ridicule of any man we ever listened to, a rich vein of humour which never failed him at the proper moment, and though not gifted with dazzling eloquence, he had even at command a flow of language correctly expressed and perfectly suitable to his purpose. But what endeared him to us was his good old Irish humour, which invariably delighted the jury, and set the court in a roar. We remember to have heard him in reply to certain brilliant speeches of Messrs. North and Sheil, when by his admirable tact and wit he totally destroyed the effect of speeches of a description which he himself could never make; in the cross-examination of a comical or a roguish witness he was unrivalled. Be the witness ever so great a rogue or a humourist, the counsellor was a match for him. We liked him, and we regret him because he always made us merry, and because his speech was ever an antidote to dullness; we are of opinion that it is sometimes good to laugh: a philosopher has shrewdly remarked "that man is the only animal gifted with the power of laughter," and as nature has not given us this faculty in vain, reason as well as temperament sanction the practice, however vulgar it may be deemed by those solemn fops who, mistake gravity for wisdom, and whom we would remind, in the words of a celebrated writer, "that gravity is often a mystery of the body, assumed to conceal the defects of the mind, that the most solemn bird is the owl, and the most solemn beast the ass."

We remember many of our college companions gay and cheerful, and have been astonished at the sudden change which the wig has wrought, even in their physiognomy. They seem to consider it would be derogatory to the dignity of Barristers-at-law, ever to relax the muscles of their faces into a smile. We wish for their instruction, Mr. Rolleston were still living: he would teach them by his own excellent example, that it is possible to combine wit and humour with eloquence and argument; and that a man may venture to be a little pleasant, without losing all character for talent and discretion. In private life, Mr. Rolleston was playful in his manners, social and hospitable in his habits, cheerful in conversation, kind and benevolent in his disposition, and polite in his deportment.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.

THE SHANNON.

River of billows! to whose mighty heart
The tide-wave rushes of the Atlantic sea—
River of quiet depths! by cultured lea,
Romantic wood, or city's crowded mart—
River of old poetic founts! that start
From their lone mountain-crannies, wild and free,
Nursed with the fawns, lulled by the wood lark's glee,
And cushion'd hymeneal song apart—
River of chieftains! whose baronial halls,
Like veteran warders, watch each wave-worn steep,
Portumna's towers, Bunratty's regal walls,
Carrick's stern rock, the Geraldine's grey keep—
River of dark mementos!—must I close
My lips with Limerick's wrongs—with Aughrim's woes?

A. de V.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF ROSSI.

SILENT LOVE.

From his eyes one morn in play
Cupid tore the veil away,
Which on his rosy lips he bound—
But what a fatal change he found!
Vainly he sought his power to prove,
When silent was the voice of love.

M. de V.

MADRIGAL.

Sur les levres de mon Elise,
L'Amour heureux repose;
Et n'en soyez pas surprise;
Il aime un lit de roses.

Mita. S.

LINES.

Oh! have you ne'er felt, in those gayest of hours,
When Pleasure crowns Time with a chaplet of flowers,
When laughter and wit on your ear gayly fall,
And music's dear sounds, that are sweetest of all,
The heart that with rapture beat high in your breast,
Grows cold with a feeling that can't be express'd?
And the sun on your cheek, that was glowing so bright,
Beams faintly as twilight when fading to night?
Whilst the sound of gay voices passed over your ear,
Like the knell of some hope that your bosom held dear,
Th' o'er vainly your spirit has spurn'd the chain
That entwines your heart, furnisht its pleasure to pain.
How often, alas! o'er my slumbering soul,
(Like the snake under flowers) that feeling has stole;
For it ever has chosen the happiest hour,
To banish my joy with its withering power;
And well, ah! too well, when my soul felt its chill,
I've known 'twas an omen that boded me ill—
For it comes like the moanings that oft will arise
Amid green leaves that tremble, when feeling the sighs
Of a spirit, whose voice sadly murmuring, speaks
Of the storm's approach, ere in thunder it breaks.

Mita. S.

THE DEATH OF OUR WISHES.

Oh! talk not of the hopes gone out like day,
In night's black darkness; talk not of the joys
Faded to gloom, or dropped with time away;
The all we cling to, but that death destroys:
Where are our very wishes, thoughts, beliefs?
All that made up the spirit of our mind—
The features of our heart, with its young griefs,
And glee, whose freshness was as mountain winds:
Where are our former selves? Once di' we think
Ever to live till some deep-graven hours
Should be like weed-choked spots from which we shrink?
Caring not to recall how full of flowers,
Their memory was.

They! they are gone—at rest, mere ashes cold
The wishes now, and dreams of long ago;
We give a faint smile to the days of old—
"Tis past, we would not that it had been so."

Are they are dead, how many a wish that grew
Within our bosom's altered soil; is dead!
Rooted from thence for others of a hue
As brilliant now, and with a breath unfled
And rich as theirs was then: but these, oh! heart
Latest to learn of all created things:
These thou believest never can depart!
What then! and are they chained (at last) thy bleeding
wings?

No: 'tis a mournfully pleasant thought;
These too shall flee away and be at rest.
Dead as the leaves that buried summers brought,
Melted and vanished as from earth's gay breast,
The deepest snows, in feathery softness showered
By winters gone, where naked boughs embowered
The moonlight of past years—they yet shall be:
The traceless Babylons of thought! and ye,
Feelings which dream that death is not for you—
Be still! life's waves may sweep you out of view,
As though ye ne'er had been; and should they not—
Is not heaven's calmness near? there ye shall be forgot.

Z. Y.